NO. XXI. PRICE 1s.

TOM BURKE

OF "OURS."

No. 8.

EDITED BY

HARRY LORREQUER

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIZ

WILLIAM CURRY, JUN. AND CO., SACKVILLE-STREET, DUBLIN.

W. S. ORR AND CO., PATERNOSTER-ROW, LONDON.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

WORKS FOR TOURISTS IN IRELAND.

A HANDBOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN IRELAND; descriptive of its Scenery, Towns, Seats, Antiquities, &c., with various Statistical Tables; also, an Outline of its Mineral Structure, a Brief View of its Botany, and Information for Anglers. By JAMES FRASER. *Third thousand*, carefully corrected. Crown 8vo.

DUBLIN AND ITS ENVIRONS, 1843. With a Map and Plates. Small 8vo, 7s. 6d. cloth.

GUIDE TO THE COUNTY OF WICKLOW. By JAMES FRASER, Author of "A Handbook for Travellers in Ireland." With a Map and numerous Illustrations. Small 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth.

BELFAST AND ITS ENVIRONS, with a Tour to the Giant's Causeway; containing a Map, Plan, and numerous Illustrations on Wood. Small 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth.

GUIDE TO KILLARNEY AND GLENGARIFF. With a Map and Illustrative Views engraved on Steel. Small 8vo, 5s.

GUIDE TO THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY. With a Map and Illustrative Views engraved on Steel. Small 8vo, 5s.

SKETCHES IN THE NORTH AND SOUTH OF IRELAND, especially Donegal, Cork, and Kerry. By the late Rev. CÆSAR OTWAY. *Second edition.* Small 8vo, 6s. cloth.

TOUR IN CONNAUGHT. By the late Rev. CÆSAR OTWAY. Small 8vo, illustrations, 7s. 6d. cloth.

SKETCHES IN ERRIS AND TYRAWLY. By the late Rev. CÆSAR OTWAY. Post 8vo, with a Map and Illustrations, 10s. 6d. cloth.

TRAVELLING MAP OF IRELAND; with the Direct and Cross-Roads carefully marked. Coloured, in Case, 3s. 6d.

PLAN OF DUBLIN. Coloured, in cloth, for the Pocket. 2s. 6d.

PLAN OF THE ENVIRONS OF DUBLIN, including the greater part of the County Wicklow. In cloth, coloured, 2s. 6d.

MAPS OF THE ROADS FROM DUBLIN TO BELFAST, CORK, LIMERICK, and WEXFORD. Neatly done up for the pocket, 1s. each.

DUBLIN: WILLIAM CURRY, JUN. AND COMPANY.

LONDON; LONGMAN AND COMPANY. EDINBURGH; FRASER AND COMPANY.

Sold by all Booksellers.

Capture of the "Red-beard."

The Templars.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"THE CHATEAU D'ANCRE."

BEFORE I had time to collect myself I was hurried on by Beauvais into a room, when, the moment I had entered, the door was closed and locked behind me. By the light of a coarse and rudely-formed chandelier that occupied the middle of a table, I saw a party of near a dozen persons who sat around it—the head of the board being filled by one, whose singular appearance attracted all my attention. He was a man of enormous breadth of chest and shoulders, with a lofty massive head, on either side of which a quantity of red hair fell in profusion; a beard of the same colour descended far on his bosom, which, with his overhanging eyebrows, imparted a most savage and ferocious expression to features, which of themselves were harsh and repulsive. Though he wore a blouse in peasant fashion, it was easy to see that he was not of the lower walk of society. Across his brawny chest a broad belt of black leather passed, to support a strong straight sword, the heavy hilt of which peeped above the arm of his chair. A pair of handsomely-mounted pistols lay before him on the table; and the carved handle of a poniard could be seen projecting slightly from the breast-pocket of his vest. Of the rest who were about him, I had but time to perceive that they were peasants—but all well armed, and most of them wearing a knot of white ribbon at the breast of their blouses.

Every eye was turned towards me, as I stood at the foot of the table astonished and speechless—while De Beauvais quitting my arm hastened to the large man's side, and whispered some words in his ear. He rose slowly from his chair, and in a moment each face was turned to him. Speaking in a deep guttural tone, he addressed them for some minutes in a patois of which I was totally ignorant—every word he uttered seemed to stir their very hearts, if I were to judge from the short and heavy respiration—the deep-drawn breath—the flushed faces and staring eyes around me. More than once, some allusion seemed made to me—at least, they turned simultaneously to look at me: once, too, at something he said, each man carried his hand round to his sword-hilt, but dropped it again, listlessly, as he continued. The discourse over, the door was unlocked, and one by one they left the room, each man saluting the speaker with a reverence as he passed out. De Beauvais closed the door, and barred it, as the last man disappeared, and then turning hastily round, called out:—

"What now?"

The large man bent his head down between his hands, and spoke not in reply—then suddenly springing up, he said—

"Take my horse, he is fresh, and ready for the road, and make for Quille-bœuf: the ford at Montgorge will be swollen—but he'll take the stream for you;—at the farmer's house, that looks over the river, you can stop."

"I know it, I know it," said Beauvais; "but what of you, are you to remain behind?"

"I'll go with him," said he, pointing towards me. "As his companion, I can reach the Bois de Boulogne—in any case, as his prisoner—once there, you may trust me for the rest."

De Beauvais looked at me for a reply—I hesitated what to say, and at last said: "For your sake, Henri de Beauvais, and yours only, have I ventured on a step, which may, in all likelihood, be my ruin. I neither know, nor wish to know, your plans—nor will I associate myself with any one, be he who he may, in your enterprise."

"Jacques Tisserend, the tanner," continued the large man, as if not heeding nor caring for my interruption, "will warn Armand de Polignac of what has happened—and Charles de la Reviére had better remain near Biville for the English cutter—she'll lie off the coast to-morrow or next day. Away—lose not a moment."

"And my dear friend here," said Beauvais, turning to me, "who has risked his very life to rescue me, shall I leave him thus?"

"Can you save him by remaining?" said the other, as he coolly examined the priming of his pistols. "We shall all escape, if you but be quick."

A look from Beauvais drew me towards him, when he threw his arms around my neck, and in a low broken voice, muttered—"When I tell you, that all I lived for, exists to me no longer—the love I sought, refused me—my dearest ambition thwarted—you will not think that a selfish desire for life prompts me now; but a solemn oath, to obey the slightest command of that man, sworn before my sovereign, binds me, and I must not break it."

"Away, away, I hear voices at the gate below," cried the other.

"Adieu! adieu for ever," said Beauvais, as he kissed my cheek, and sprang through a small doorway in the wainscot, which closed after him as he went.

"Now, for our movements," said the large man, unhooking a cloak that hung against the wall. "You must tie my hands with this cord, in such a way, that although seemingly secure, I can free myself at a moment—place me on a horse, a fast one too, beside you—and order your troopers to ride in front and rear of us. When we reach the Bois de Boulogne, leave the allée de Chasseurs, and turn towards St. Cloud. *Tonnere de ciel*, they're firing yonder!" An irregular discharge of small arms, followed by a wild cheer, rung out above the sound of the storm. "Again, did you hear that? there are the carbines of cavalry—I know their ring. Accursed dogs, that would not do my bidding," cried he, stamping with passion on the ground, while throwing off his blouse, he stuck his pistols in a belt around his waist, and prepared for mortal combat. Meanwhile, pistol shots mingled with savage shouts and wild hurras, were heard approaching nearer and

nearer—and at length a loud knocking at the front door, with a cry of "they're here—they're here."

The large man, now fully armed, and with his drawn sword in his hand, unlocked the door. The passage without was full of armed peasants, silent and watchful for his commands. A few words in the former patois seemed sufficient to convey them, and their answer was a cheer that made the walls ring.

The chief moved rapidly from place to place through the crowds, who, at his bidding, broke into parties—some of them occupied doorways which enfiladed the hall—others knelt down, to suffer some to fire above their heads—here were two posted, armed with hatchets, at the very entrance itself—and six of the most determined-looking were to dispute the passage with their muskets. Such was the disposition of the force, when suddenly the light was extinguished, and all left in utter darkness—the deep breathing of their anxious breasts alone marked their presence—when, without door, the sounds of strife gradually died away, and the storm alone was heard.

As for me, I leaned against a doorway, my arms folded on my bosom, my head sunk—while I prayed for death, the only exit I could see to my dishonour.

There was a terrible pause—the very hurricane seemed to abate its violence, and only the heavy rain was heard as it fell in torrents—when, with a loud crash, the door in front was burst open, and fell with a bang upon the floor—not a word from those within, not a motion betrayed their presence, while the whispered tones of a party without showed that the enemy was there. "Bring up the torches quickly here," called out a voice like that of an officer; and as he spoke, the red flare of lighted pine branches was seen moving through the misty atmosphere. The light fell upon a strong party of dismounted dragoons and gendarmerie, who, carbine in hand, stood waiting for the word to dash forward. The officer, whose figure I could distinguish as he moved along the front of his men, appeared to hesitate, and for a few seconds all stood motionless. At length, as if having resolved on his plan, he approached the doorway, a pine torch in his hand—another step, and the light must have disclosed the dense array of armed peasants that stood and knelt around the hall—when a deep, low voice within uttered the one word—"now:" and quick, as if by his breath the powder had been ignited, a volley rang out, pattering like hail on the steel breast-plates, and through the branches of the trees—a mingled shout of rage and agony rose from those without, and without waiting for a command they rushed onward. The peasants, who had not time to re-load their pieces, clubbed them in their strong hands, and laid wildly about them. The fight was now hand to hand—for, narrow as was the doorway, some three or four dragoons pressed every moment in, and gradually the hall became a dense mass of indiscriminate combatants. The large man fought like one possessed, and cleft his way towards the entrance with a long straight dagger, as if regardless of friends or foes. "*A moi! a moi!*" cried a tall and powerful man, as he sprang at his throat, "this is he;" the words

were his last, as, stabbed to the very heart, he sprang backward in his death agony—but at the moment, a perfect shower of bullets rattled around the large man, one of which alone took effect in his shoulder. Still he strove onwards, and at last, with a spring like a savage tiger, he lowered his head, and bounded clean out into the court. Scarcely, however, had his foot touched the wet grass, when he slipped forward, and fell heavily on his back. A dozen swords flashed above him as he lay, and only by the most immense efforts of the officer, was he spared death in a hundred wounds. The defeat of their leader seemed to subdue all the daring courage of his party: the few who were able to escape, dashed hither and thither, through passages and doorways they were well acquainted with; while the flagged floor was bathed in blood from the rest, as they lay in mangled and frightful forms, dead and dying on every side.

Like one in some dreadful dream, I stood spectator of this savage strife, wishing that some stray bullet had found my heart, yet ashamed to die with such a stain upon my honour. I crossed my arms before my breast, and waited for my doom. Two gendarmes passed quickly to and fro with torches, examining the faces and looks of those who were still likely to live, when suddenly one of them cried out, as he stood before me—

"What's this? An officer of hussars here!"

The exclamation brought an officer to the spot, who, holding a lantern to my face, said quickly—

"How is this, sir?—how came you here?

"Here is my sword, sir," said I, drawing it from the scabbard. "I place myself under arrest. In another place, and to other judges, I must explain my conduct."

"*Parbleu!* Jacques," said the officer, addressing another who sat, while his wounds were being bound up, on a chair near, "this affair is worse than we thought of. Here's one of the "*huitieme*" in the thick of it."

"I hope, sir," said I, addressing the young man, whose arm was bleeding profusely from a sabre wound—"I hope, sir, your wound may not be of consequence."

He looked up suddenly, and, while a smile of the most insulting sarcasm curled his bloodless lip, answered—

"I thank you, sir, for your sympathy; but you must forgive me if, one of those days, I cannot bandy consolations with you."

"You are right, lieutenant," said a dragoon, who lay bleeding from a dreadful cut in the forehead. "I'd not exchange places with him myself this minute for all his epaulettes."

With an overwhelming sense of my own degraded position, when to such taunts as these I dared not reply, I stood mute and confounded. Meantime the soldiers were engaged in collecting together the scattered weapons, fastening the wrists of the prisoners with cords, and ransacking the house for such proofs of the conspiracy as might criminate others at a distance. By the time these operations were concluded, the day began to break, and I could distinguish in the court-yard several large

covered carts or *charrettes* destined to convey the prisoners. One of these was given up entirely to the chief, who, although only slightly wounded, would never assist himself in the least, but lay a heavy inert mass, suffering the others to lift him and place him in the cart. Such as were too badly wounded to be moved were placed in a room in the chateau, a guard being left over them.

A sergeant of the gendarmerie now approached me as I stood, and commenced, without a word, to examine me for any papers or documents that might be concealed about my person.

"You are in error," said I quietly. "I have nothing of what you suspect."

"Do you call this nothing?" interrupted he triumphantly, as he drew forth the parchment commission I had placed in my bosom, and forgot to restore to Beauvais. "*Parbleu!* you'd have had a better memory had your plans succeeded."

"Give it here," said an officer, as he saw the sergeant devouring the document with his eyes. "Ah!" cried he, starting, "he was playing a high stake, too. Let him be closely secured."

While the orders of the officer were being followed up, the various prisoners were secured in the carts, mounted dragoons stationed at either side, their carbines held unslung in their hands. At last my turn came, and I was ordered to mount into a *charrette* with two gendarmes, whose orders respecting any effort at escape on my part were pretty clearly indicated by the position of two pistols carried at either side of me.

A day of heavy, unremitting rain, without any wind or storm, succeeded to the night of tempest. Dark inky clouds lay motionless near the earth, whose surface became blacker by the shadow. A weighty and louring atmosphere added to the gloom I felt; and neither in my heart within, nor in the world without, could I find one solitary consolation.

At first I dreaded lest my companions should address me: a single question would have wrung my very soul; but happily they maintained a rigid silence—nor did they even speak to each other during the entire journey. At noon we halted at a small road-side *cabaret*, where refreshments were provided, and relays of horses in waiting, and again set out on our way. The day was declining when we reached the Bois de Boulogne, and entered the long avenue that leads to the Barriere de l'Etoile. The heavy wheels moved noiselessly over the even turf; and, save the jingle of the troopers' equipments, all was hushed. For above an hour we had proceeded thus, when a loud shout in front, followed by a pistol shot, and then three or four others quickly after it, halted the party; and I could mark through the uncertain light the mounted figures dashing wildly here and there, and plunging into the thickest of the wood.

"Look to the prisoners!" cried an officer, as he galloped down the line; and at the word every man seized his carbine, and held himself on the alert. Meanwhile the whole cavalcade was halted, and I could see that something of consequence had occurred in front, though of

what nature I could not even guess. At last a sergeant of the gendarmes rode up to our side splashed and heated.

"Has he escaped?" cried one of the men beside me.

"Yes!" said he, with an oath, "the brigand has got away, though how he cut the cords on his wrists, or by what means he sprung from the *charrette* to the road, the devil must answer. Ha! there they are firing away after him. The only use of their powder is to show the fellow where they are."

"I would not change places with our captain this evening," cried one of the gendarmerie. "Returning to Paris without the red beard——"

"*Ma foi!* you're not wrong there. It will be a heavy reckoning for him with dark Savary; and as to taking a Breton in a wood——"

The word to march interrupted the colloquy, and again we moved forward.

By some strange sympathy I cannot account for, I felt glad that the chief had made his escape. The gallantry of his defence, the implicit obedience yielded him by the others, had succeeded in establishing an interest for him in my mind; and the very last act of daring courage, by which he effected his liberty, increased the feeling. By what an easy transition, too, do we come to feel for those whose fate has any similarity with our own. The very circumstance of common misfortune is a binding link; and thus I was not without an anxious hope that the chief might succeed in his escape, though, had I known his intrigue or his intentions, such interest had scarcely found a place in my heart.

Such reflections as these led me to think how great must be the charm to the human mind of overcoming difficulty or confronting danger, when even for those of whom we know nothing, we can feel, and feel warmly, when they stand before us in such a light as this. Heroism and bravery appeal to every nature; and bad must be the cause in which they are exerted, before we can venture to think ill of those who possess them.

The lamps were beginning to be lighted as we reached the Barriere, and halted to permit the officer of the party to make his report of who we were. The formality soon finished, we defiled along the Boulevard, followed by a crowd that, increasing each moment, at last occupied the entire road, and made our progress slow and difficult. While the curiosity of the people to catch sight of the prisoners demanded all the vigilance of the guards to prevent, a sad and most appalling stillness pervaded the whole multitude, and I could hear a murmur as they went, that it was Generals Moreau and Pichegru who were taken. At length we halted, and I could see that the foremost *charrette* was entering a low archway, over which a massive portcullis hung. The gloomy shadow of a dark vast mass, that rose against the inky sky, loured above the wall, and somehow seemed to me as if well known.

"This is the 'Temple,'" said I to the gendarme on my right.

A nod was the reply, and a half expressive look that seemed to say, "In that word you have said your destiny."

About two years previous to the time I now speak of, I remember

one evening, when returning from a solitary walk along the Boulevard, stopping in front of a tall and weather-beaten tower, the walls black with age, and pierced here and there with narrow windows, across which strong iron stanchions ran transversely. A gloomy fosse, crossed by a narrow drawbridge, surrounded the external wall of this dreary building, which needed no superstition to invest it with a character of crime and misfortune. This was the Temple, the ancient castle of the knights whose cruelties were written in the dark *oubliettes* and the noisome dungeons of that dread abode. A terrace ran along the tower on three sides. There, for hours long, walked in sadness and in sorrow the last of France's kings, Louis XVI., his children at his side. In that dark turret the dauphin suffered death. At the low casement yonder, Madame Royale sat hour by hour, the stone on which she leaned wet with her tears. The place was one of gloomy and sinister repute: the neighbourhood spoke of the heavy roll of carriages that passed the drawbridge at the dead of night, of strange sounds and cries, of secret executions, and even of tortures that were inflicted there. Of these dreadful missions a corps called the "gendarmes d'elite" were vulgarly supposed the chosen executors, and their savage looks and repulsive exterior gave credibility to the surmise, while some affirmed that the Mameluke guard the consul had brought back with him from Egypt, had no other function than the murder of the prisoners confined there.

Little thought I then, that in a few brief months I should pass beneath that black portcullis a prisoner. Little did I anticipate, as I wended my homeward way, my heart heavy and my step slow, that the day was to come when, in my own person, I was to feel the sorrows over which I then wept for others.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE "TEMPLE.

THIS was the second morning of my life which opened in the narrow cel of a prison; and when I awoke and looked upon the bare, bleak walls, the barred window, the strongly-bolted door, I thought of the time when, as a boy, I slept within the walls of Newgate. The same sad sounds were now about me; the measured tread of sentinels; the tramp of patrols; the cavernous clank of door-closing, and the grating noise of locking and unlocking heavy gates, and then that dreary silence more depressing than all, how they came back upon me now, seeming to wipe out all space, and bring me to the hours of my boyhood's trials. Yet what were they to this? what were the dangers I then incurred to the inevitable ruin now before me? True I knew neither the conspirators nor their crime; but who would believe it? How came I among them? Dare I tell it, and betray her whose honour was dearer to me than my life? Yet it was hard to face death in such a cause; no sense of high though unsuccessful daring to support me; no strongly-roused passion to warm my blood, and teach me bravely to endure a tarnished name. Disgrace and dishonour were all my portion, in that land, too, where I once hoped to win fame and glory, and make for myself a reputation among the first and greatest. The deep roll of a drum, followed by the harsh turning of keys in the locks along the corridor interrupted my sad musings; and the next minute my door was unbolted, and an official, dressed in the uniform of the prison, presented himself before me.

"Ah! monsieur, awake and dressed already!" said he in a gay and smiling tone, for which the place had not prepared me. "At eight we breakfast here; at nine you are free to promenade in the garden or on the terrace, at least all who are not *en secret;* and I have to felicitate monsieur on that pleasure."

"How then; I am not a prisoner?"

"Yes, *parbleu!* you are a prisoner, but not under such heavy imputation as to be confined apart. All in this quarter enjoy a fair share of liberty: live together; walk, chat, read the papers; and have an easy time of it: but you shall judge for yourself. Come along with me."

In a strange state of mingled hope and fear I followed the gaoler along the corridor, and across a paved court-yard into a low hall, where basins and other requisites for a prison toilet were arranged around the walls. Passing through this we ascended a narrow stair, and finally entered a large, well-lighted room, along which a table, plentifully but plainly provided, extended the entire length. The apartment

was crowded with persons of every age and apparently every condition, all conversing noisily and eagerly together, and evidencing as little seeming restraint as though within the walls of a café.

Seated at table, I could not help feeling amused at the strange medley of rank and country about me. Here were old *militaires* with bushy beards and moustachios side by side with ruddy-faced peasants, whose long, yellow locks bespoke them of Norman blood; hard, weather-beaten sailors from the coast of Bretagne, talking familiarly with venerable seigneurs in all the pomp of powder and a queue; priests with shaven crowns; young fellows, whose easy looks of unabashed effrontery betrayed the careless Parisian: all were mingled up together, and yet not one among the number did I see whose appearance denoted sorrow for his condition or anxiety for his fate.

The various circumstances of their imprisonment, the imputation they lay under, the acts of which they were accused, formed the topics of conversation in common with the gossip of the town, the news of the theatres, and the movements in political life. Never was there a society with less restraint: each man knew his neighbour's history too well to make concealment of any value, and frankness seemed the order of the day. While I was initiating myself into so much of the habit of the place, a large, fat, florid personage, who sat at the head of the table, called out to me for my name.

"The governor desires to have your name and rank for his list," said my neighbour at the right hand.

Having given the required information, I could not help expressing my surprise how, in the presence of the governor of the prison, they ventured to speak so freely.

"Ha!" said the person I addressed, "he is not the governor of the Temple; that's merely a title we have given him among ourselves. The office is held always by the oldest *detenu*. Now he has been here ten months, and succeeded to the throne about a fortnight since. The abbé yonder, with the silk scarf round his waist, will be his successor in a few days."

"Indeed! Then he will be at liberty so soon. I thought he seemed in excellent spirits."

"Not much, perhaps, on that score," replied he. "His sentence is hard labour for life at the Bagnes de Toulon."

I started back with horror, and could not utter a word.

"The abbé," continued my informant, "would be right happy to take his sentence. But the governor is speaking to you."

"Monsieur le sous-lieutenant," said the governor in a deep, solemn accent, "I have the honour to salute you, and bid you welcome to the Temple in the name of my respectable and valued friends here about me. We rejoice to possess one of your cloth amongst us. The last was, if I remember aright, the Captain De Lorme, who boasted he could hit the consul at sixty paces with a pistol bullet."

"*Pardieu*, governor," said a handsome man in a braided frock, "we had Ducaisne since."

"So we had, commandant," said the governor bowing politely,

"and a very pleasant fellow he was; but he only stopped one night here."

"A single night! I remember it well," grunted out a thick-lipped, rosy-faced little fellow near the bottom of the table. "You'll meet him soon, governor; he's at Toulon. Pray present my respects——"

"A fine, a fine," shouted out a dozen voices in a breath.

"I deny it, I deny it," replied the rosy-faced man, rising from his chair. "I appeal to the governor if I am not innocent. I ask him if there were any thing which could possibly offend his feelings in my allusion to Toulon; whither for the benefit of his precious health he is about to repair."

"Yes," replied the governor solemnly, "you are fined three francs. I always preferred Brest. Toulon is not to my taste."

"Pay, pay," cried out the others, while a pewter dish, on which some twenty pieces of money were lying, was passed down the table.

"And to resume," said the governor turning towards me: "the secretary will wait on you after breakfast to receive the fees of initiation, and such information as you desire to afford him for your coming amongst us, both being perfectly discretionary with you. He who desires the privilege of our amiable re-union soon learns the conditions on which to obtain it. The enjoyments of our existence here are cheap at any price. Le Père D'Oligny yonder will tell you life is short: very few here are likely to dispute the assertion; and perhaps the Abbé Thomas may give you a strong hint how to make the best of it."

"*Parbleu*, governor, you forget the Père left us this morning.

"True, true; how my memory is failing me. The dear abbé did leave us, sure enough."

"Where for?" said I in a whisper.

"La Plaine de Grenelle," said the person beside me in a low tone. "He was guillotined at five o'clock."

A sick shudder ran through me; and though the governor continued his oration, I heard not a word he spoke, nor could I arouse myself from the stupor until the cheers of the party at the conclusion of the harangue awoke me.

"The morning looks fine enough for a walk," said the man beside me. "What say you to the gardens?"

I followed him without speaking across the court, and down a flight of stone steps into a large, open space planted tastefully with trees, and adorned by a beautiful fountain. Various walks and alleys traversed the garden in every direction, along which parties were to be seen walking; some laughing; some reading aloud the morning papers; but all engaged, and, to all seeming, pleasantly. Yet did their reckless indifference to life, their horrible carelessness of each other's fate, seem to me far more dreadful than any expression of sorrow, however painful, and I shrunk from them as though the contamination of their society might impart that terrible state of unfeeling apathy they were given up to. Even guilt itself had seemed less repulsive than this shocking and unnatural recklessness. Pondering thus, I

hurried from the crowded path, and sought a lonely, unfrequented walk which led along the wall of the garden. I had not proceeded far when the low, but solemn notes of church music struck on my ear. I hastened forward and soon perceived through the branches of a beech hedge a party of some sixteen or eighteen persons kneeling on the grass, their hands lifted as if in prayer, while they joined in a psalm tune, one of those simple but touching airs which the peasantry of the south are so attached to. Their oval faces, bronzed with the sun; their long, flowing hair divided on the head, and falling loose on either shoulder; their dark eyes and long lashes bespoke them all from that land of Bourbon loyalty—*La Vendée;* even had not their yellow jackets, covered with buttons along the sleeves, and their loose hose, evinced their nationality. Many of the countenances I now remembered to have seen the preceding night; but some were care-worn and emaciated, as if from long imprisonment.

I cannot tell how the simple piety of these poor peasants touched me, contrasted too with the horrible indifference of the others. As I approached them, I was recognised; and whether supposing that I was a well-wisher to their cause, or attracted merely by the tie of common misfortune, they saluted me respectfully, and seemed glad to see me. While two or three of those I had seen before moved forward to speak to me, I remarked that a low, swarthy man, with a scar across his upper lip, examined me with marked attention, and then whispered something to the rest. At first he seemed to pay little respect to whatever they said—an incredulous shake of the head, or an impatient motion of the hand, replying to their observations. Gradually, however, he relaxed in this, and I could see that his stern features assumed a look of kinder meaning.

"So, friend," said he, holding out his tanned and powerful hand towards me, "it was thou saved our chief from being snared like a wolf in a trap. *Le bon Dieu* will remember the service hereafter; and the good king will not forget thee, if the time ever comes for his better fortune."

"You must not thank me," said I, smiling: "the service I rendered was one instigated by friendship only. I know not your plans; I never knew them. The epaulette I wear I never was false to."

A murmur of dissatisfaction ran along the party, and I could mark that in the words they interchanged, feelings of surprise were mingled with displeasure. At last, the short man, commanding silence with a slight motion of the hand, said, "I am sorry for it; your courage merited a better cause; however, the avowal was at least an honest one; and now tell us, why came you here?"

"For the very reason I've mentioned: my presence at the chateau last night, and my discovery during the attack, were enough to impute guilt. How can I clear myself, without criminating those I would not name?"

"That matters but little. Doubtless, you have powerful friends—rich ones, perhaps, and in office: they will bear you harmless."

"Alas! you are wrong. I have not in all the length and breadth of

France one who, if a word would save me from the scaffold, would care to speak it. I am a stranger and an alien."

"Ha!" said a fair-haired, handsome youth, starting from the grass where he had been sitting, "what would I not give now your lot was mine. They'd not make my heart tremble, if I could forget the cabin I was born in."

"Hush! Philippe," said the other, "the weapon is not in their armoury to make a Vendeán tremble—but, hark! there is the drum for the inspection. You must present yourself each day, at noon, at the low postern yonder, and write your name; and mark me, before we part, it cannot serve *us*, it may ruin *you*, if we are seen to speak together. Trust no one here. Those whom you see yonder are hal. of them but '*moutons*.'"

"How," said I, not understanding the phrase.

"Ay, it was a prison word I used," resumed he. "I would say they are but spies of the police, who, as if confined for their offences, are only here to obtain confessions from unguarded, unsuspecting prisoners. Their frankness and sincerity are snares that have led many to the guillotine: beware of them. You dare not carry your glass to your lip, but the murmured toast might be your condemnation. Adieu!" said he; and as he spoke, he turned away and left the place, followed by the rest.

The disgust I felt at first for the others was certainly not lessened by learning that their guilt was stained by treachery the blackest that can disgrace humanity; and now, as I walked among them, it was with a sense of shrinking horror I recoiled from the very touch of the wretches, whose smiles were but lures to the scaffold.

"Ha! our lost and strayed friend," said one, as I appeared—"come hither and make a clean breast of it. What amiable weaknesses have introduced you to the Temple!"

"In truth," said I, endeavouring to conceal my knowledge of my acquaintances' real character, "I cannot even guess, nor do I believe, that any one else is wiser than myself."

"*Parbleu!* young gentleman," said the abbé, as he spied me impertinently through his glass, "you are excessively old-fashioned for your years. Don't you know that spotless innocence went out with the Bourbons? Every one since that dies in the glorious assertion of his peculiar wickedness, with certain extenuating circumstances which he calls human nature."

"And now then," resumed the first speaker, "for your mishap—what was it?"

"I should only deceive you were I to give any other answer than my first. Mere suspicion there may be against me—there can be no more."

"Well, well, let us have the suspicions. The *Moniteur* is late this morning, and we have nothing to amuse us."

"Who are you?" cried another, a tall, insolent-looking fellow, with a dark moustache. "That's the first question. I've seen a "*mouton*" in a hussar dress before now."

"I am too late a resident here," answered I, "to guess how far insolence goes unpunished; but if I were outside these walls, and you also, I'd teach you a lesson you have yet to learn, sir."

"*Parbleu!*" said one of the former speakers, "Jacques, he has you there, though it was no great sharpness to see you were a blanc-bec."

The tall fellow moved away, muttering to himself, as a hearty laugh broke forth among the rest.

"And now," said the abbé, with a simper, "pardon the liberty; but have you had any trifling inducement for coming to pass a few days here? Were you making love to Madame la Consulesse? or did you laugh at General Bonaparte's grand dinners? or have you been learning the English grammar? or what was it?"

I shook my head, and was silent.

"Come, come, be frank with us: unblemished virtue fares very ill here. There was a gentleman lost his head this morning, who never did any thing all his life, other than keep the post-office at Tarbes; but somehow, he happened to let a letter pass into the bag, addressed to an elderly gentleman in England, called the Count D'Artois, not knowing that the count's letters are always 'to the care of Citizen Bonaparte.' Well, they shortened him by the neck for it. Cruel! you will say; but so much for innocence."

"For the last time then, gentlemen, I must express my sincere sorrow that I have neither murder, treason, nor any other infamy on my conscience, which might qualify me for the distinguished honour of associating with you. Such being the case, and my sense of my deficiency being so great, you will, I'm sure, pardon me, if I do not obtrude on society of which I am unworthy, and which I have now the honour to wish a good-day to;" with this, and a formal bow, returned equally politely by the rest, I moved on, and entered the tower.

Sombre and sad as were my own reflections, yet did I prefer their company to that of my fellow-prisoners, for whom already I began to conceive a perfect feeling of abhorrence.

Revolting, indeed, was the indifference to fame, honour, and even life, which I already witnessed among them; but what was it compared with the deliberate treachery of men who could wait for the hour when the heart, overflowing with sorrow, opened itself for consolation and comfort, and then search its every recess for proofs of guilt that should bring the mourner to the scaffold.

How any government could need—how they could tolerate such assassins as these, I could not conceive. And was this *his* doing—were these *his* minions, whose high-souled chivalry had been my worship and my idolatry? No, no; I'll not believe it. Bonaparte knows not the dark and terrible secrets of these gloomy walls. The hero of Arcola, the conqueror of Italy, wots not of the frightful tyranny of those dungeons: did he but know them, what a destiny would wait on those who thus stain with crime and treachery the fame of that "Belle France" he made so great.

Oh! that in the hour of my accusation—in the very last of my life,

were it on the step of the guillotine, I could but speak with words to reach him, and say, how glory like his must be tarnished, if such deeds went on unpunished; that while thousands and thousands were welcoming his path with cries of wild enthusiasm and joy, in the cold cells of the Temple there were breaking hearts, whose sorrow-wrung confessions were registered—whose prayers were canvassed for evidences of desires, that might be converted into treason. He could have no sympathy with men like these: not such the brave who followed him at Lodi; not kindred souls were they who died for him at Marengo. Alas! alas! how might men read of him hereafter, if by such acts the splendour of his greatness was to suffer stain. While thoughts like these filled my mind, and in the excitement of awakened indignation, I trod my little cell backwards and forwards, the gaoler entered, and, having locked the door behind him, approached me. "You are the Sous-lieutenant Burke: is it not so? Well, I have a letter for you; I promised to deliver it on the one condition only—which is, that when read, you shall tear it in pieces: were it known that I did this, my head would roll in the Plaine de Grenelle before daybreak to-morrow. I also promised to put you on your guard: speak to few here; confide in none; and now here is your letter."

I opened the billet hastily, and read the few lines it contained, which evidently were written in a feigned hand—"Your life is in danger—all delay may be your ruin—address the minister at once, as to the cause of your detention, and for the charges under which you are committed; demand permission to consult an advocate, and when demanded, it can't be refused. Write to Monsieur Baillot, of 4, Rue Chantereine, in whom you may trust implicitly, and who has already instructions for your defence. Accept the enclosed, and believe in the faithful attachment of a sincere friend." A *billet de banque* for three thousand francs was folded in the note, and fell to the ground as I read it.

"*Parbleu!* I'll not ask you to tear this, though," said the gaoler, as he handed it to me; "and now let me see you destroy the other."

I read and re-read the few lines over and over, some new meaning striking me at each word, while I asked myself from whom it could have come. Was it De Beauvais? or dare I hope it was one dearest to me of all the world? Who then, in the saddest hour of my existence, could step between me and my sorrow, and leave hope as my companion in the dreary solitude of a prison.

"Again, I say, be quick," cried the gaoler; "my being here so long may be remarked. Tear it at once."

He followed with an eager eye every morsel of paper as it fell from my hand, and only seemed at ease as the last dropped to the ground; and then, without speaking a word, unlocked the door and withdrew.

The shipwrecked sailor, clinging to some wave-tossed raft, and watching with bloodshot eye the falling day, where no friendly sail has once appeared, and at last, as every hope dies out one by one within him, he hears a cheer break through the plashing of the sea, calling on him to live, may feel something like what were my sensations, as

once more alone in my cell I thought of the friendly voice that could arouse me from my cold despair, and bid me hope again.

What a change came over the world to my eyes: the very cell itself no longer seemed dark and dreary; the faint sun-light that fell through the narrow window seemed soft and mellow; the voices I heard without struck me not as dissonant and harsh; the reckless gaiety I shuddered at; the dark treachery I abhorred. I could compassionate the one, and openly despise the other; and it was with that stout determination at my heart that I sallied forth into the garden where still the others lingered, waiting for the drum that summoned them to dinner.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE "CHOUANS."

When night came, and all was silent in the prison, I sat down to write my letter to the minister. I knew enough of such matters to be aware that brevity is the great requisite; and, therefore, without any attempt to anticipate my accusation, by a defence of my motives, I simply, but respectfully, demanded the charges alleged against me, and prayed for the earliest and most speedy investigation into my conduct. Such were the instructions of my unknown friend, and, as I proceeded to follow them, their meaning at once became apparent to me. Haste was recommended, evidently to prevent such explanations and inquiries into my conduct, as more time might afford. My appearance at the chateau might still be a mystery to them, and one which might remain unfathomable, if any plausible reason were put forward. And what more could be laid to my charge? True the brevet of colonel found on my person; but this I could with truth allege had never been accepted by me. They would scarcely condemn me on such testimony, unsupported by any direct charge; and who could bring such save De Beauvais. Flimsy and weak as such pretexts were, yet were they enough in my then frame of mind to support my courage and nerve my heart; but more than all, I trusted in the sincere loyalty I felt for the cause of the government and its great chief—a sentiment which, however difficult to prove, gave myself that inward sense of safety, which only can flow from strong conviction of honesty. It may so happen, thought I, that circumstances may appear against me, but I know and feel my heart is true and firm, and even at the worst such a consciousness will enable me to bear whatever may be my fortune.

The next morning my altered manner and happier look, excited the attention of the others, who by various endeavours tried to fathom the cause, or learn any particulars of my fate; but in vain, for already

I was on my guard against even a chance expression, and, save on the most common-place topics, held no intercourse with any. Far from being offended at my reserve, they seemed rather to have conceived a species of respect for one, whose secrecy imparted something of interest to him; and while they tried, by the chance allusion to political events and characters, to sound me, I could see that though baffled, they by no means gave up the battle.

As time wore on, this half persecution died away—each day brought some prisoner or other amongst us, or removed some of those we had to other places of confinement, and thus I became forgotten in the interests of newer events. About a week after my entrance we were walking as usual about the gardens, when a rumour ran, that a prisoner of great consequence had been arrested the preceding night, and conveyed to the Temple; and various surmises were afloat as to who he might be, or whether he should be "en secret," or at large. While the point was eagerly discussed, a low door from the house was opened, and the gaoler appeared, followed by a large powerful man, whom in one glance I remembered as the chief of the Vendean party at the chateau, and the same who effected his escape in the Bois de Boulogne. He passed close to where I stood, his arm folded on his breast—his clear blue eye bent calmly on me—yet never by the slightest sign did he indicate that we had ever met before. I divined at once his meaning, and felt grateful for what I guessed might be a measure necessary to my safety.

"I tell you," said a shrivelled old fellow, in a worn dressing gown and slippers, who held the *Moniteur* of that day in his hand—"I tell you it is himself; and see his hand is wounded—though he does his best to conceal the bandage in his bosom."

"Well, well—read us the account: where did it occur?" cried two or three in a breath.

The old man seated himself on a bench, and, having arranged his spectacles, and unfolded the journal, held out his hand to proclaim silence, when suddenly a wild cheer broke from the distant part of the garden, whither the newly-arrived prisoner had turned his steps—a second louder followed, in which the cry of "Vive le Roi" could be distinctly heard.

"You hear them," said the old man. "Was I right now? I knew it must be him."

"Strange enough, too, he should not be *en secret*," said another. "The generals had never been suffered to speak to any one since their confinement. But read on, let us hear it."

"On yesterday morning," said the little man, reading aloud, "Picot, the servant of George, was arrested, and although every endeavour was made to induce him to confess where his master was ——"

"Do you know the meaning of that phrase, Duchos?" said a tall, melancholy-looking man, with a bald head—"that means the torture; thumb screws and flint vices are the mode once more; see here." As he spoke he undid a silk handkerchief that was wrapped around his wrist, and exhibited a hand that seemed actually mashed into frag-

ments—the bones were forced in many places through the flesh, which hung in dark-coloured and blood-stained pieces about.

"I would show that hand at the tribunal," muttered an old soldier in a faded blue frock. "I'd hold it up when they'd ask me to swear."

"Your head would only fare the worse for doing so," said the abbé. "Read on, Monsieur Duchos."

"Oh, where was I?—*Pardieu*, colonel, I wish you would cover that up: I shall dream of that terrible thumb all night.—Here we are—'Though nothing could be learned from Picot, it was ascertained that the brigand ——'"

"Ha, ha," said a fat little fellow in a blouse, "they call them all brigands—Moreau is a brigand—Pichegru is a brigand too."

"That the brigand had passed Monday night near Chaillot, and on Tuesday, towards evening, was seen at St. Genevieve, where it was suspected he slept on the mountain; on Wednesday the police traced him to the cabriolet stand at the end of the Rue de Condé, where he took a carriage and drove towards the Odeon."

"Probably he was going to the spectacle. What did they play that night?" said the fat man. "'*La mort de Barberousse*' perhaps."

The other read on.—"The officer cried out, as he seized the bridle, *je vous arrete*, when George levelled a pistol and shot him through the forehead, and then springing over the dead body dashed down the street. The butchers of the neighbourhood, who knew the reward offered for his apprehension, pursued and fell upon him with their hatchets; a hand-to-hand encounter followed, in which the brigand's wrist was nearly severed from his arm, and thus disabled and overpowered he was secured and conveyed to the Temple."

"And who is this man?" said I in a whisper to the tall person near me.

"The General George Cadoudal—a brave Breton, and a faithful follower of his king," replied he; "and may heaven have pity on him now." He crossed himself piously as he spoke, and moved slowly away.

George Cadoudal, repeated I to myself—the same whose description figured on every wall of the capital, and for whose apprehension immense rewards were offered; and with an inward shudder I thought of my chance intercourse with the man—to harbour whom was death—the dreadful chief of the Chouans—the daring Breton—of whom Paris rung with stories. And this was the companion of Henri de Beauvais. Revolving such thoughts, I strolled along unconsciously, until I reached the place where, some days before, I had seen the Vendéans engaged in prayer. The loud tone of a deep voice arrested my steps. I stopped and listened. It was George himself who spoke; he stood, drawn up to his full height, in the midst of a large circle who sat around on the grass. Though his language was a *patois* of which I was ignorant, I could catch here and there some indication of his meaning, as much perhaps from his gesture and the look of those he addressed, as from the words themselves. It was an exhortation to them to endure

with fortitude the lot that had befallen them—to meet death when it came without fear, as they could do so without dishonour—to strengthen their courage by looking to him, who would always give them an example of what they should be. The last words he spoke were in a plainer dialect, and almost these—"Throw no glance on the past. We are where we are—we are where God in his wisdom, and for his own ends, has placed us. If this cause be just, our martyrdom is a blessed one; if it be not so, our death is our punishment; and never forget that you are permitted to meet it from the same spot where our glorious monarch went to meet his own."

A cry of *Vive le Roi*, half stifled by sobs of emotion, broke from the listeners, and they rose, and pressed around him.

There he stood in the midst, while, like children, they came to kiss his hand—to hear him speak one word—even to look on him. Their swarthy faces, where hardship and suffering had left many a deep line and furrow, beamed with smiles as he turned towards them; and many a proud look was bent on the rest by those to whom he addressed a single word. One I could not help remarking above the others, a slight, pale, and handsome youth, whose almost girlish cheek the first down of youth was shading. George leaned his arm round his neck, and called him by his name, and in a voice almost tremulous from emotion. "And you, Bouvet de Lozier, whose infancy wanted nothing of luxury and enjoyment—for whom all that wealth and affection could bestow were in abundance—how do you bear these rugged reverses, my dear boy?"

The youth looked up with eyes bathed in tears; the hectic spot in his face gave way to the paleness of death, and his lips moved without a sound.

"He has been ill—the count has," said a peasant in a low voice.

"Poor fellow," said George. "He was not meant for trials like these; the cares he used to bury in his mother's lap met other consolations than our ruder ones. Look up, Bouvet, my man, and remember you are a man."

The youth trembled from head to foot, and looked fearfully around, as if dreading something, while he clutched the strong arm beside him, as though for protection.

"Courage, boy—courage," said George. "We are together here—what can harm you."

Then dropping his voice, and turning to the rest he added—

"They have been tampering with his reason—his eye betrays a wandering intellect. Take him with you, Claude—he loves you—and do not leave him for a moment."

The youth pressed George's fingers to his pale lips, and, with head bent down and listless gait, moved slowly away.

As I wandered from the spot, my heart was full of all I witnessed. The influence of their chief had surprised me the night of the attack on the chateau. But how much more wonderful did it seem now, when confined within the walls of a prison—the only exit to which was the path that led to the guillotine. Yet was their reliance on all he

said as great, as implicit their faith in him, as warm their affection as though success had crowned each effort he suggested, and that fortune had been as kind, as she had proved adverse to his enterprise.

Such were the Chouans in the Temple. Life had presented to their hardy natures too many vicissitudes to make them quail beneath the horrors of a prison—death they had confronted in many shapes, and they feared it not even at the hands of the executioner. Loyalty to the exiled family of France was less a political than a religious feeling—one inculcated at the altar, and carried home to the fire-side of the cottage. Devotion to their king was a part of their faith. The sovereign was but a saint the more in their calendar. The glorious triumphs of the revolutionary armies—the great conquests of the consulate—found no sympathy within their bosoms; they neither joined the battle nor partook of the ovation. They looked on all such as the passing pageant of the hour—and muttered to each other, that the *bon Dieu* could not bless a nation that was false to its king.

Who could see them, as they met each morning, and not feel deeply interested in these brave but simple peasants. At day-break they knelt together in prayer, their chief officiating as priest; their deep voices joined in the hymn of their own native valleys, as with tearfu eyes they sang the songs that reminded them of home. The service over, George addressed them in a short speech—some words of advice and guidance for the coming day—reminding them that ere another morning shone, many might be summoned before the tribunal to be examined, and from thence led forth to death; exhorting them to fidelity to each other, and loyalty to their glorious cause. Then came the games of their country, which they played with all the enthusiasm of liberty and happiness. These were again succeeded by hours passed in hearing and relating stories of the beloved Bretagne—of its tried faith and its ancient bravery. While through all, they lived a community apart from the other prisoners, who never dared to obtrude upon them; nor did the most venturesome of the police spies ever transgress a limit that might have cost him his life.

Thus did these two so different currents run side by side within the walls of the Temple, and each regarding the other with distrust and dislike.

While thus I felt a growing interest for these bold but simple children of the forest, my anxiety for my own fate grew hourly greater. No answer was ever returned to my letter to the minister, nor any notice taken of it whatever; and though each day I heard of some one or other being examined before the "Tribunal Spécial," or the *Prefet de Police*, I seemed as much forgotten as though the grave enclosed me. My dread of any thing like acquaintance or intimacy with the other prisoners prevented my learning much of what went forward each day, and of which, from some source or other, they seemed well informed. A chance phrase—an odd word now and then dropped—would tell me of some new discovery by the police, or some recent confession by a captured conspirator; but of what the crime

consisted, and who were they principally implicated, I remained totally ignorant.

It was well known that both Moreau and Pichegru were confined in a part of the tower that opened upon the terrace; but neither suffered to communicate with each other, nor even to appear at large like the other prisoners. It was rumoured too, that each day one or both were submitted to long and searching examinations, which it was said had hitherto elicited nothing from either, save total denial of any complicity whatever, and complete ignorance of the plots and machinations of others.

So much we could learn from the *Moniteur*, which reached us each day; and, while assuming a tone of open reprobation regarding the Chouans, spoke in terms the most cautious and reserved respecting the two generals, as if probing the public mind how far their implication in treason might be credited, and with what faith the proofs of their participation might be received.

At last the train seemed laid; the explosion was all prepared, and nothing wanting but the spark to ignite it. A letter from Moreau to the consul appeared in the columns of the government paper, in which, after recapitulating in terms most suitable the services he had rendered the republic while in command of the army of the Rhine, the confidence he had always possessed of the convention, the frequent occasions which had presented themselves to him of gratifying ambitious views—had he conceived such—he adverted in brief but touching terms to his conduct on the 18th Brumaire, in seconding the adventurous step taken by Bonaparte himself, and attributed the neglect his devotion had met with, rather to the interference and plotting of his enemies, than to any real estrangement on the part of the consul. Throughout the whole of the epistle there reigned a tone of reverence for the authority of Bonaparte most striking and remarkable; there was nothing like an approach to the equality which might well be supposed to subsist between two great generals: albeit, the one was at the height of power, and the other sunk in the very depth of misfortune. On the contrary, the letter was nothing more than an appeal to old souvenirs and former services—to one who possessed the power, if he had the will, to save him; it breathed throughout the sentiments of one who demands a favour, and that favour, his life and honour, at the hands of him who already had constituted himself the fountain of both.

While such was the position of Moreau, a position which resulted in his downfall, chance informed us of the different ground occupied by his companion in misfortune, the General Pichegru.

About three days after the publication of Moreau's letter, we were walking as usual in the garden of the Temple, when a *huissier* came up, and beckoning to two of the prisoners, desired them to follow him. Such was the ordinary course by which one or more were daily summoned before the tribunal for examination, and we took no notice of what had become a matter of every-day occurrence, and went on con-

versing as before about the news of the morning. Several hours elapsed without the others having returned, and at last we began to feel anxious about their fate, when one of them made his appearance; his heightened colour and agitated expression betokening that something more than common had occurred.

"We were examined with Pichegru," said the prisoner, who was an old quarter-master in the army of the Upper Rhine, as he sat down upon a bench, and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief.

"Indeed!" said the tall colonel, with the bald head: "before Monsieur Réal, I suppose?"

"Yes, before Réal. My poor old general—there he was, as I used to see him formerly, with his hand in the breast of his uniform, his pale, thin features as calm as ever, until at last, when roused, his eyes flashed fire, and his lip trembled before he broke out into such a torrent of attack."

"Attack, say you," interrupted the abbé—"a bold course, my faith! in one who has need of all his powers for defence."

"It was ever his tactique to be the assailant," said a bronzed, soldier-like fellow, in a patched uniform,—"he did so in Holland."

"He chose a better enemy to practise it with then, than he has done now," resumed the quarter-master, sadly.

"Whom do you mean?" cried half a dozen voices together.

"The consul!"

"The consul! Bonaparte! Attack *him!*" repeated one after the other, in accents of surprise and horror. "Poor fellow, he is deranged."

"So I almost thought myself, as I heard him," replied the quarter-master; "for, after submitting with patience to a long and tiresome examination, he suddenly, as if endurance could go no farther, cried out '*assez!*' The prefet started, and Thuriot who sat beside him looked up terrified, while Pichegru went on. 'So, the whole of the this negotiation about Cayenne is then a falsehood. Your promise to make me governor there, if I consented to quit France for ever, was a trick to extort confession, or a bribe to silence. Be it so.—Now come what will, I'll not leave France; and more, still, I'll declare every thing before the judges openly at the tribunal. The people shall know, all Europe shall know, who is my accuser, and what he is. Yes, your consul himself treated with the Bourbons in Italy: the negotiations were begun, continued, carried on, and only broken off by his own excessive demands. Ay, I can prove it: his very return from Egypt through the whole English fleet,—that happy chance, as you were wont to term it,—was a secret treaty with Pitt for the restoration of the exiled family on his reaching Paris. These facts, and facts you shall confess them, are in my power to prove; and prove them I will in the face of all France.'"

"Poor Pichegru," said the abbé, contemptuously. "What an ill-tempered child a great general may be after all! Did he think the hour would ever come for him to realize such a dream?"

"What do you mean?" cried two or three together.

"The Corsican never forgets a vendetta," was the cool reply, as he walked away.

"True," said the colonel, thoughtfully, "quite true."

To me these words were riddles. My only feeling towards Pichegru was one of contempt and pity, that in any depth of misfortune he could resort to such an unworthy attack upon him who still was the idol of all my thoughts; and for this the conqueror of Holland stood now as low in my esteem as the most vulgar of the rabble gang that each day saw sentenced to the galleys.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE REIGN OF TERROR UNDER THE CONSULATE.

On the morning that followed the scene I have spoken of came the news of the arrest, the trial, and the death of the Duc d'Enghein. That terrible tragedy, which yet weighs, and will weigh for ever on the memory of the period, reached us in our prison with all the terrible force of circumstances to make it a day of sorrow and mourning. Such details as the journals afforded but little satisfied our curiosity. The youth, the virtues, the bravery of the prince had made him the idol of his party; and while his death was lamented for his own sake, his followers read in it the determination of the government to stop at nothing in their resolve to exterminate that party. A gloomy silence sat upon the Chouans, who no longer moved about, as before, regardless of their confinement to a prison. Their chief remained apart; he neither spoke to any one, nor seemed to notice those who passed: he looked stunned and stupified, rather than deeply affected, and when he lifted his eyes their expression was cold and wandering. Even the other prisoners, who rarely gave way to feeling of any kind, seemed at first overwhelmed by these sad tidings; and doubtless many who before had trusted to rank and influence for their safety, saw how little dependence could be placed on such aid, when the blow had fallen upon a "Condé" himself.

I, who neither knew the political movements of the time, nor the sources of the danger the consul's party anticipated, could only mourn over the unhappy fate of a gallant prince whose daring had cost him his life, and never dreamed for a moment of calling in question the honour or good faith of Bonaparte in an affair of which I could have easily believed him totally ignorant. Such, indeed, was the representation of the *Moniteur;* and whatever doubts the hints about me

might have excited, were speedily allayed by the accounts I read of the consul's indignation at the haste and informality of the trial, and his deep anger at the catastrophe that followed it.

"Savary will be disgraced for this," said I to the abbé, who leaned over my shoulder while I read the paper. "Bonaparte can never forgive him."

"You mistake, my dear sir," replied he, with a strange expression I could not fathom: "the consul is the most forgiving of men; he never bears malice."

"But here was a dreadful event—a crime perhaps."

"Only a fault," resumed he. "By-the-bye, colonel, this order about closing the barriers will be excessively inconvenient to the good people of Paris."

"I have been thinking over that, too," said an over-dressed, affected-looking youth, whose perfumed curls and studied costume formed a strange contrast with the habits of his fellow-prisoners. "If they shut up the barrier de l'Etoile, what are they to do for Longchamps?"

"*Parbleu*, that did not strike me," interposed the colonel, tapping his forehead with his finger. "I'll wager a crown they haven't thought of that themselves."

"The Champs Elysées are surely long enough for such tomfoolery," said the quarter-master, in a gruff, savage tone.

"Not one half," was the imperturbable reply of the youth: "and Longchamps promised admirably this year. I had ordered a caleche —light blue, with gilt circles on the wheels, and a bronzed carving to the pole—like an antique chariot."

"*Parbleu*, you are more likely to take your next airing in a simpler conveyance," said the quarter-master, with a grin.

"I was to have driven la Comtesse de Beauflers to the Bois de Boulogne——"

"You must content yourself with the Count de la Marque"—the prison name of the executioner—"instead," growled out the other.

I turned away, no less disgusted at the frivolity that could only see in the dreadful event that took place the temporary interruption to a vain and silly promenade, than at the savage coarseness that could revel in the pain common misfortune gave him the privilege of inflicting.

Such, however, was the prevalent tone of thinking and speaking there. The death of friends—the ruin of those best loved and cared for—the danger that each day came nearer to themselves—were all casualties to which habit, recklessness of life, and libertinism had accustomed them; while about former modes of life, the pleasures of the capital, its delights and dissipation, they conversed with the most eager interest. It is thus, while in some natures misfortunes will call forth into exercise the best and noblest traits that in happier circumstances had never found the necessity that gave them birth, so, in others, adversity depresses and demoralizes those weaker temperaments, that seem formed to sail safely in the calm waters, but never destined to brave the stormy seas of life.

With such associates I could have neither sympathy nor friendship;

and my life passed on in one unbroken and dreary monotony—day succeeding day, and night following night—till my thoughts, turned ever inward, had worn as it were a track for themselves, in which the world without and its people had no share whatever. Not only was my application to the minister unanswered, but I was never examined before any of the tribunals; and sometimes the dreadful fate of those prisoners who, in the reign of terror, passed their whole life in prison, their crimes—their very existence forgotten, would cross my mind, and strike me with terror unspeakable.

If, in the sombre atmosphere of the Temple a sad and cheerless monotony prevailed, events followed fast on each other in that world from which its gloomy walls excluded us: every hour was some new feature of the dark conspiracy brought to light; the vigilance of Monsieur Réal slept not night or day; and all that bribery, terror, or torture could effect, was put into requisition to obtain full and precise information as to every one concerned in the plot.

It was a bright fresh morning in April, the sixth of the month—the day is graven on my memory—when, on walking forth into the garden, I was surprised to see the prisoners standing in a circle round a tree on which a placard was fastened, with glances eagerly turned towards the paper, or bent sadly to the ground. They stood around, sad and silent: to my question of what had occurred, a significant look at the tree was the only reply I received, while in the faces of all I perceived that some dreadful news had reached them. Forcing my way with difficulty through the crowd, I at length approached near enough to read the placard, on which, with large letters, it was written—

"*Charles Pichegru, ex-Général Républicain, s'est étranglé dans sa prison.*

"Avril 6. Le Temple."

"And did Pichegru, the great conqueror of Holland, die by his own hand?" said I, as my eyes rested on the fatal bulletin.

"Don't you read it, young man?" replied a deep solemn voice beside me, which I at once knew was that of General George himself. "Can you doubt the accuracy of information supplied by the police?"

The by-standers looked up with a terrified and frightened expression, as if dreading lest the very listening to his words might be construed into an acquiescence in them.

"Trust me, he is dead," continued he: "they who have announced his fate here have reason to be relied on. It now only remains to be seen how he died: these prison maladies have a strange interest for us who live in the infected climate; and if I mistake not, I see the *Moniteur* yonder, a full hour before its usual time. See what a blessing, gentlemen, you enjoy in a paternal government, which in moments of public anxiety can feel for your distress, and hasten to alleviate it."

The tone of sarcasm he spoke in—the measured fall of every word,

sank into the hearers' minds, and though they stood mute, they did not even move from the spot.

"Here is the *Moniteur* now," said the quarter-master, opening the paper and reading aloud.

"To his oft-repeated assurances that he would make no attempt upon his life——"

A rude burst of laughter from George interrupted the reader here.

"I ask your pardon, sir," said he, touching his cap: "proceed, I promise not to interrupt you again."

"That he would make no attempt upon his life, General Pichegru obtained permission that the sentries should be stationed outside his cell during the night. Having provided himself with a faggot, which he secreted beneath his bed, he supped as usual in the evening of yesterday; eating heartily at eleven o'clock, and retiring to rest by twelve. When thus alone he placed the stick within the folds of the black silk cravat he generally wore round his neck in such a manner as when twisted to act like a tourniquet; and having turned it with such a degree of force as to arrest the return of blood from the head, he fastened it beneath his head and shoulder, and in this manner, apoplexy supervening, expired."

"Par St. Louis, sir," cried George, "the explanation is admirable, and most satisfactorily shows how a man may possess life long enough to be certain he has killed himself. The only thing wanting is for the general to assist in dressing the *proces* verbal, when doubtless his own views of his case would be equally edifying and instructive; and see, already the ceremony has begun."

As he spoke, he pointed to a number of persons who crossed the terrace, preceded by Savary, in his uniform of the *gendarmes d'elite*, and who went in the direction of the cell where the dead body lay.

The prisoners now fell into little knots and groups, talking beneath their breath, and apparently terrified at every stir about them—each compared his sensation of what he thought he heard during the night with the other. Some asserted that they distinctly heard the chains of the drawbridge creak long after midnight; others vouched for the quick tramp of feet along the corridors, and the sounds of strange voices; and one whose cell was beneath that of Pichegru, said that he was awoke before day by a violent crash overhead, followed by a harsh sound like coughing, which continued for some time, and then ceased entirely. These were vague uncertain signs, yet what horrible thoughts did they not beget in each listener's mind!

As I stood terror-struck and speechless, I felt a tap on my shoulder. I turned, it was the abbé, who, with a smile of peculiar irony, stood behind me.

"Poor Savary," said he in a whisper; "how will he ever get over this blunder, and it so very like the former one?"

He did not wait for a reply, but moved away.

"Who is to be the next, sir?" cried George, with a deep voice, as he saw the assemblage thus accidentally collected about to break up—"Moreau, perhaps. One thing I bid you all bear witness to: suicide

is a crime I'll never commit. Let no narrative of a cravat and a faggot——"

"Do you never eat mushrooms, general?" said the abbé, drily; and whether from the manner of the speaker, or the puzzled look of him to whom the speech was addressed, the whole crowd burst into a fit of laughter—the emotion seemed like one in which relief was felt by all. They laughed long and loud—and now the faces that a minute before were marked by every character of deep affliction, looked merry and happy. Each had some story, some apropos to tell, or some smart witticism to let off against his neighbour; and to hear them you would say that never was there a subject more suggestive of drollery than the one of suicide and sudden death.

And thus was it ever: no event however dreadful—no circumstance however shocking, could do more than momentarily affect those whose life offered no security, nor was governed by any principle. Levity and unbelief—unbelief that extended not only to matters of religion, but actually penetrated every relation of life, rendering them sceptical of friendship, love, truth, honour, and charity—were the impulses under which they lived; and they would have laughed him to scorn who should have attempted to establish another code of acting or thinking. Such feelings, if they made them but little suited to all the habits and charities of life, certainly rendered them most indifferent to death; and much of that courage so much lauded and admired on the scaffold, had no other source than in the headlong recklessness the prison had inculcated—the indifference to every thing, where every thing was questionable and doubtful.

I struggled powerfully against the taint of such a consuming malady. I bethought me of my boyhood and its early purpose—of him who first stirred my soul to ambition—and asked myself, what would he have thought of me had I yielded to such a trial as this? I pictured before me a career, when such devotion as I felt, aided by a stout heart, must win its way to honour: and when roused to thought, these low depressing dreams, these dark hours of doubt and despair vanished before it. But gradually my health yielded—my lethargic apathy increased upon me—the gloomy walls of my cell had thrown their shadow over my spirit, and I sank into a state of moping indifference, in which I scarcely marked the change of day and night; and at length felt that had the sentence been pronounced, which condemned me for life to the walls of the Temple, I could have heard it without emotion.

"Come, sous-lieutenant, it's your turn now!" said the turnkey, entering my cell one morning, where I sat alone at breakfast; "I have just received the orders for your appearance."

"How! where?" said I, scarcely able to do more than guess at the meaning of his words; "before the prefét, is it?"

"No, no, a very different affair, indeed: you are summoned with the Chouan prisoners to appear at the Palais de Justice."

"The Palais!" said I, as for the first time for weeks past a sentiment of fear crept through me. "Are we to be tried without having a list of the charges alleged against us?"

"You'll hear them time enough in court."

"Without an advocate to defend us?"

"The president will name one for that purpose."

"And can the jury——"

"Jury! there is no jury; the consul has suspended trial by jury for two years. Come, come, don't be downhearted—your friends without are singing away as gaily as though it were a festival. My faith, that General George is made of iron I believe. He has been confined, *en sécret*, these ten days—his rations diminished to almost a starvation level; and yet there is he now, with his countenance as calm, and his look as firm as if he were at large on the hills of La Vendeé. Cheer up, then—let the example of your chief——"

"Chief! he is no chief of mine."

"That's as it may, or may not be," replied he gruffly, as though wounded by what he deemed a want of confidence in his honour; "however, make haste and dress, for the carriages will be here to convey you to the Palais—and there now are the *gendarmes d'elite* assembling in the court."

As I proceeded to dress, I could see from the window of my cell that a squadron of gendarmes, in full uniform, were drawn up in the square of the prison, along one side of which were several carriages standing, each with two gendarmes seated on the box. The prisoners were confined to their walls; but at every window some face appeared peering anxiously at the proceedings beneath, and watching, with inquisitive gaze, every even the slightest movement.

Just as the clock struck nine the door of my cell was opened, and a greffier of the court entered; and, taking from a black portmanteau at his side a roll of paper, began without delay to repeat in a sing-song recitative tone, a formal summons of the Grand Tribunal for the "surrender of the body of Thomas Burke, sous-lieutenant of the *huitiéme* hussars, now in the prison of the Temple, and accused of the crime of treason."

The last word made me shudder as it fell from him; and not all my stoical indifference of weeks past was proof against such an accusation. The gaoler having formally listened to the document, and replied by reading aloud another, delivered me over to the officer, who desired me to follow him.

In the court beneath the greater number of the prisoners were already assembled. George, among the number, was conspicuous, not only by his size and proportions, but by a handsome uniform, in the breast of which he wore his decoration of St. Louis, from which descended a bright bow of crimson ribbon. A slight bustle at one of the doorways of the tower suddenly seemed to attract his attention, and I saw that he turned quickly round, and forced his way through the crowd to the place. Eager to learn what it was, I followed him at once. Pushing with some difficulty forward, I reached the doorway, on the step of which lay a young man in a fainting fit. His face, pale as death, had no colour save two dark circles round the eyes, which, though open, were upturned and filmy. His cravat had been hastily

removed by some of the by-standers, and showed a purple welt around his neck, on one side of which a mass of blood escaped beneath the skin, made a dreadful-looking tumour. His dress denoted a person of condition, as well as the character of his features; but never had I looked upon an object so sad and woe-begone before. At his side knelt George—his strong arm round his back, while his great massive hand patted the water on his brow. The stern features of the hardy Breton, which ever before had conveyed to me nothing but daring and impetuous passion, were softened to a look of womanly kindliness—his blue eye beaming as softly as though it were a mother leaning over her infant.

"Bouvet, my dear, dear boy, remember *thou* art a Breton—rally thyself, my child—bethink thou of the cause."

The name of the youth at once recalled him whom I had seen some months before among the Chouan prisoners; and who, sad and sickly as he then seemed, was now much further gone towards the tomb.

"Bouvet," cried George, in an accent of heart-rending sorrow, "this will disgrace us for ever."

The youth turned his cold eyes round till they were fixed in the other's face; while his lips, still parted, and his cheek pale and flattened, gave him the appearance of a corpse suddenly called back to life.

"There, my own brave boy," said George, kissing his forehead—"there, thou art thyself again." He bent over till his lips nearly touched the youth's ear, and then whispered—"Dost thou forget the last words monseigneur spoke to thee, Bouvet?—'Conserve toi pour tes amis, et contre nos ennemis communs.'"

The boy started up at the sounds, and looked wildly about him, while his hands were opened widely with a kind of spasmodic motion.

"*Tonnerre de ciel*," cried George, with frantic passion, "what have they done with him—his mind is gone. Bouvet—Bouvet de Lozier—knowest thou this?" He tore from his bosom a miniature, surrounded with large brilliants, and held it to the eyes of the youth.

A wild shriek broke from the youth as he fell back in strong convulsions. The dreadful cry seemed like the last wail of expiring reason—so sad, so piercing was its cadence.

"Look, see," said George, turning a savage scowl upon the crowd, "they have taken away his mind—he is an idiot."

"The General George Cadoudal," cried a loud voice from the centre of the court.

"Here," was the firm reply.

"This way, sir—the carriage yonder."

"Monsieur Sol de Gisolles."

"Here," replied a tall, aristocratic looking personage, in deep mourning.

Sous-lieutenant Burke was the next name called, and I followed the others, and soon found myself seated in a close caleche, with a gendarme beside me, while two mounted men of the corps sat at either side of the carriage with drawn swords. Picot, the servant of George,

the faithful Breton, was next summoned, and Lebourgeois, an old but handsome man, in the simple habit of a farmer, with his long white hair, and soft kind countenance. Many other names were called over, and nearly an hour elapsed before the ceremony was concluded, and the order was given to move forward.

At last the heavy gates were opened, and the procession issued forth. I was surprised to see that the entire Boulevard was lined with troops, behind which thousands of people were closely wedged—all the windows, and even the housetops, being filled with spectators.

When we reached the quays, the crowd were even greater still; and it required all the efforts of the troops to keep them back sufficiently to permit an open space for the carriages—while at all the streets that opened at the quays mounted dragoons were stationed to prevent any carriage passing down. Never had I beheld such a vast multitude of people; and yet, through all that crowded host, a deep, solemn silence prevailed—not a cry, nor a shout, was heard in all the way. Once only, at the corner of the Pont Neuf, a cry of "Vive Moreau" was given by some one in the crowd; but it was a solitary voice—and the moment after I saw a gendarme force his way through the mass, and seizing a miserable-looking creature by the neck, hurry him along beside his horse towards the guard-house.

On crossing the bridge, I saw that a company of artillery and two guns were placed in position beside Desaix's monument, so as to command the Pont Neuf: all these preparations clearly indicating that the government felt the occasion such as to warrant the most energetic measures of security. There was something in the earnest look of the cannoniers, as they stood with their lighted matches beside the guns, that betrayed the resolve of one whose quick determination was ever ready for the moment of danger.

The narrow streets of the Isle St. Louis, more densely crowded than any part of the way, slackened our pace considerably, and frequently the gendarmes were obliged to clear the space before the carriages could proceed. I could not help feeling struck, as we passed along these miserable and dark alleys, where vice and crime, and wretchedness of every type, herded together—to hear, at every step, some expression of pity or commiseration from those who, themselves, seemed the veriest objects of compassion. "*Ah, voila,*" cried an old creature in rags, on whose cotton bonnet a faded and dirty tri-coloured ribbon was fastened—"*Voila,* Moreau. I'd know his proud face any day. Poor general, I hope it will not go hard with you to-day."

"Look there," screamed a hag, as the carriage in which Bouvet sat passed by. "Look at the handsome youth that's dying—Holy Virgin, he'll not be living when they reach the gate of the Palais." "And there," cried another—"there's a hussar officer, pale enough, I trow he is: come, I'll say a prayer or two for him there, it can do him no harm any how."

The hoarse rattle of a drum in front mingled with the noise of the cavalcade, and I now could hear the clank of a guard turning out. The minute after we stood before a colossal gateway, whose rich

tracery shone in the most gorgeous gilding; it was in the splendid taste of Louis XIV., and well became the entrance of what once had been a royal palace. Alas, thought I, how unlike those who once trod this wide court is the melancholy cortege that now enters it.

As each carriage drew up at the foot of a wide flight of stone steps, the prisoners descended, and, escorted by gendarmes on each side, were led into the building. When all had reached the hall, the order was given to move forward, and we walked on till we came to a long gallery. On either side was a range of massive pillars, between which views were obtained of various spacious, but dimly-lighted chambers, apparently neglected and unused; some benches here and there, an old cabinet, and a deal table, were all the furniture. Here we halted for a few moments, till a door opening at the extreme end, a sign was made for us to advance, and now we heard a low rushing sound, like the distant breaking of the sea in a calm night. It grew louder as we went, till we could mark the mingling of several hundred voices, as they conversed in a subdued and under tone.

Then, indeed, a dreadful thrill ran through me, as I thought of the countless mass before whom I was to stand forth a criminal, and it needed every effort in my power to keep my feet.

A heavy curtain of dark cloth yet separated us from a view of the court, but we could hear the voice of the president commanding silence, and the monotonous intonation of the clerk reading the order for the proceedings. This concluded, a deep voice called out, "Introduce the prisoners," and the words were repeated still louder by a huissier at the entrance; and at a signal the line moved forward, the curtain was drawn back, and we advanced into the court.

The crowd of faces that filled the vast space from the body of the court below, to the galleries above, turned, as we passed on, to the bench, at one side of the raised platform, near the seat of the judges. A similar bench, but unoccupied, ran along the opposite side, while directly in front of the judges were ranged the advocates in rows closely packed as they could sit; a small desk, somewhat advanced from the rest, being the seat reserved for the Procureur-général of the court.

The vast multitude of spectators—the pomp and circumstance of a court of justice—the solemn look of the judges arrayed in their dark robes and square black caps, reminding one of the officers of the Inquisition, as we see them in old paintings; the silence where so many were assembled—all struck me with awe, and I scarcely dared to look up, lest in the glances bent upon me I should meet some whose looks might seem to condemn me.

"Proclaim the *séeance*," said the president.

And with a loud voice the huissier of the court made proclamation that the tribunal had commenced its sitting. This concluded, the Procureur-général proceeded to read the names of the accused, beginning with General Moreau, Armand de Polignac, Charles de Rivière, Sol de Gisolles, George Cadoudal, and some twenty others of less note, among which I heard with a sinking heart my own name pro-

nounced. Some customary formalities seemed now to occupy the court for a considerable time; after which the huissier called silence once more.

"General Moreau," said the president, in a deep voice that was heard throughout the entire court. "Rise up, sir," added he, after a few seconds' pause. I looked down the bench, at the farthest end of which I saw the tall and well-knit figure of a man in the uniform of a general of the republic, his back was turned towards me, but his bearing and carriage were quite enough to distinguish the soldier.

"Your name and surname," said the president.

Before an answer could be returned, a dull sound, like something heavy falling, resounded through the court, and in an instant several persons around me stood up. I bent forward to see, and beheld the figure of Bouvet de Lozier stretched insensible upon the ground; beside himnhis faithful friend George was stooping, and endeavouring to open his vest and give him air. "Bring some water here quickly," cried the hardy Breton, in a tone that showed little respect for where he stood. "Your absurd ceremonial has frightened the poor boy out of his senses."

"Respect the court, sir, or I commit you," said the president, in a voice of anger.

A contemptuous look, followed by a still more contemptuous shrug of the shoulders, was his reply.

"Remove the prisoner," said the president, pointing to the still fainting youth, "and proclaim silence in the court."

The officers of the tribunal carried the death-like figure of the boy down the steps, and bore him to some of the chambers near.

This little incident, slight and passing as it was, seemed much to affect the auditory, and it was some time before perfect silence could be again restored.

"So much for the regime of the Temple," said George, aloud, as he looked after the insensible form of his friend.

"Silence, sir," cried one of the judges, M. Thuriot, a harsh and severe-looking man, whose hatred to the prisoners was the subject of much conversation in the prison.

"Ah, it is you, Tue-Roi," cried George, punning upon his name, for he had been one of the regicides. "You, there—I thought they had found you out long ere this."

A burst of laughter that nothing could repress broke through the crowded court, and it was not until some five or six persons were forcibly removed by the gendarmes that order was again restored.

"Read the act of accusation," said the president, in a deep solemn voice.

"In the name of the republic, one and indivisible——"

"Monsieur le President," interrupted the Procureur-général, "I would submit to the court that, as in the first act of accusation there are several of the prisoners not included, they should not remain during the recital of the indictment."

A conversation of some minutes now took place between the judges, during which again the silence was unbroken in the court. I turned

gladly from the gaze of the thousand spectators to the bench where my fellow-prisoners were seated; and, however varied by age, rank, and occupation, there seemed but one feeling amongst them—a hardy and resolute spirit to brave every danger without flinching.

"Which of the prisoners are not accused under the first act?" said Thuriot.

"Charles Auguste Rebarde," *dit le Noir*, "Guillaume Lebarte, and Thomas Burke, sous-lieutenant in the eighth regiment of hussars."

"Let them withdraw," said the president.

A slight bustle ensued in the body of the court as the gendarmes advanced to make a passage for our exit; and for a moment I could perceive that the attention of the assembly was drawn towards us. One by one we descended from the platform, and, with a gendarme on either side, proceeded to pass out, when suddenly the deep mellow voice of Cadoudal called aloud—

"Adieu, my friends, adieu! If we are not to be better treated than our prince, we shall never see you again."

"Silence, sir!" cried the president, severely; and then, turning towards the bar of advocates, he continued—"If that man have an advocate in this court, it would well become him to warn his client that such continued insult to the tribunal can only prejudice his cause."

"I have none, and I wish for none," replied George, in a tone of defiance. "This mockery is but the first step of the guillotine, and I can walk it without assistance."

A renewed call of "Silence!" and a deep murmur through the assembly, was all I heard, as the door of the court opened and closed behind us. As we marched along a low vaulted corridor, the sounds of the court grew fainter and fainter; and at last the echoes of our own steps were the only noises.

The room to which we were conducted was a small whitewashed chamber, around which ran a bench of unpainted wood. A deal table stood in the centre, on which was a common-looking earthenware jar of water, and some tin goblets. The window was several feet from the ground, and strongly barred with iron.

"La Salle d'attente is gloomy enough," said one of my companions, "and yet some of us may be very sorry to leave it."

"Not I, at least," cried the other, resolutely. "The basket beneath the guillotine will be an easier couch than I have slept on these three months."

PR4809
T6
1843b
v.8

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

In post 8vo, price 9s. 6d. cloth,

AUSTRIA; its Literary, Scientific, and Medical Institutions, with Notes on the Present State of Science, and a Guide to the Hospitals and Sanatory Establishments of Vienna. By W. R. WILDE, M.R.I.A., L.R.C.S.I., Corresponding Member of the Imperial Society of Physicians of Vienna, &c. &c.; Author of "Narrative of a Voyage to Madeira, Palestine," &c.

"There are few works that have been presented to our notice that have so fully satisfied us by the completeness of detail as the present. This work is vastly superior to Kohl in correctness of statistics and solid information without flippancy."—*Foreign and Colonial Quarterly Review.*

"It is the result of good opportunities industriously improved, and it is a valuable addition to the Englishman's knowledge of the statistics and policy of Austria."—*Athenæum.*

"It was reserved for the author to make us acquainted with some of the most important characteristics, as well as with the most valuable institutions of this great European empire."—*Atlas.*

"His present publication contains *materiel* that would have supplied to one of the knowing of the craft, sinew, bone, and marrow for three such volumes."—*Dublin Freeman.*

In post 8vo, price 7s. 6d. cloth,

ESSAYS ON PARTIAL DERANGEMENT OF THE MIND, IN SUPPOSED CONNEXION WITH RELIGION. By the late JOHN CHEYNE, M.D., F.R.S.E., M.R.I.A., Physician-General to his Majesty's Forces in Ireland, &c. With a Portrait and Autobiographical Sketch of the Author.

"One of the most singularly interesting publications of the day."—*Christian Examiner.*

Small 8vo, with a Map, price 5s. cloth,

PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF THE CAMPAIGNS IN AFFGHANISTAN, SINDE, BELOOCHISTAN, ETC. Detailed in a Series of Letters of the late Colonel WILLIAM H. DENNIE, C.B., Junior Lieut.-Col. of Her Majesty's 13th Light Infantry Regiment, Aid-de-camp to the Queen. To which is added, in an Appendix, Colonel Dennie's Correspondence with Lord Keane, Sir Henry Fane, &c. Compiled and arranged by WILLIAM E. STEELE, M.D.

"There was no name mentioned last night in either house, which called forth livelier signs of honourable sympathy—none to which men of all parties seemed more anxious to pay a tribute of respect—than that of the gallant, heroic, and lamented Colonel Dennie."—*Times, 21st February*, 1843.

In post 8vo, 10s. 6d. cloth.

RAMBLING RECOLLECTIONS OF A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE. By W. H. MAXWELL, author of "Stories of Waterloo," "Hector O'Halloran," &c. With a Portrait of the Author, and Illustrations by H. K. BROWNE.

In 8vo, with Illustrations, 10s. cloth,

HISTORY OF THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, KILMAINHAM, NEAR DUBLIN, from the original foundation as a Priory of Knights Templars, and afterwards of Knights Hospitallers, by Richard, Earl of Pembroke, commonly called Strongbow, A.D. 1174, to the present time. With copious Notes and an Appendix. By the REV. NATHANAEL BURTON, LL.D., Assistant Reader to the Royal Hospital.

In 8vo, price 8s. 6d. cloth,

JUDAS: A TRAGIC MYSTERY. By DIGBY P. STARKEY, Esq. A.M.

"Seizing with the instinct of genius upon those awful and wondrous incidents whose recital or contemplation must ever stir the heart of man with the deepest emotions, Mr. Starkey has wrought out a drama of intense interest, truthfulness, and poetic vigour."—*Evening Mail.*

"Written beautifully and truthfully. The notes are numerous and valuable—perhaps the most instructive portion of the mystery."—*Dublin Monitor.*

"The subject is handled with a true poetic fervour, and illustrated by a sparkling invention, emanating from a powerful mind."—*Argus.*

Dublin: WM. CURRY, Jun. & Company. London: LONGMAN & Company.

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

THE JULY NUMBER, which commences Volume XXII., contains the First Portion of ARRAH NEIL, or, Times of Old, a New Tale by G. P. R. James, Esq., which is to be continued monthly till completed.

CONTENTS OF THE NUMBER FOR JULY.

The Loiterings of Arthur O'Leary. Fragment VII. Mr. O'Kelly's Tale concluded.
Traits of Saracenic Chivalry. By W. Cooke Taylor, LL.D.
Arrah Neil; or, Times of Old. By G. P. R. James, Esq. Chaps. I. and II.
Propagandism in the Pacific.
French Literature — Count Alfred de Vigny.
The Stranger; a Tale of the Sea.
Wilde's Austria.
The Vocal Memnon; Sonnets.
Wordsworth's Greece.
Repeal Agitation.
English Notions of Irish Affairs.

CONTENTS OF THE NUMBER FOR AUGUST.

The Loiterings of Arthur O'Leary. Fragment VIII. — Bruxelles — "The France;" Fragment IX. — A Souvenir of "The France."
A Few Translations by William Dowe.
Travels and Travellers—Lady Chatterton — Clifton Paris — The Travelling Physician—Change for the American Notes.
Arrah Neil; or, Times of Old. By G. P. R. James, Esq. Chaps. III. IV. and V.
The Irish Grievance Debates.
Travels in Yucatan—Stephens and Norman.
Nuts and Nutcrackers. — No. IX. — A Nut for the "Belges" — A Nut for Workhouse Chaplains — A Nut for the "House" — A Nut for Law Reform.
The Messenger Dove. By Mrs. James Gray.
Poets and Poetry of America.
Repeal Agitation — The "Do-nothing" System.

CONTENTS OF THE NUMBER FOR SEPTEMBER.

The Loiterings of Arthur O'Leary. Fragment X. — A Fragment of Forest Life.
Three Sonnets by William Dowe.
Oxford and Berlin Theology.
Rosalie; Two Sonnets.
Portrait Gallery. — No. XXXIII. — Dr. Percival Barton Lord.
Traits of Saracenic Chivalry. — No. II.
Arrah Neil; or, Times of Old. By G. P. R. James, Esq. Chaps. VI. VII. VIII. and IX.
Carpenter's Cyclopædia of Natural Science.
The Commissioner; or, de Lunatico Inquirendo.
The Repeal Agitation — Policy of the Movement and of the Ministry.

The Dublin University Magazine is published monthly, price 2s. 6d.

WILLIAM CURRY, JUN. AND CO., SACKVILLE-STREET, DUBLIN.
AND WM. S. ORR AND CO., AMEN-CORNER, PATERNOSTER-ROW, LONDON.
Sold by all Booksellers.